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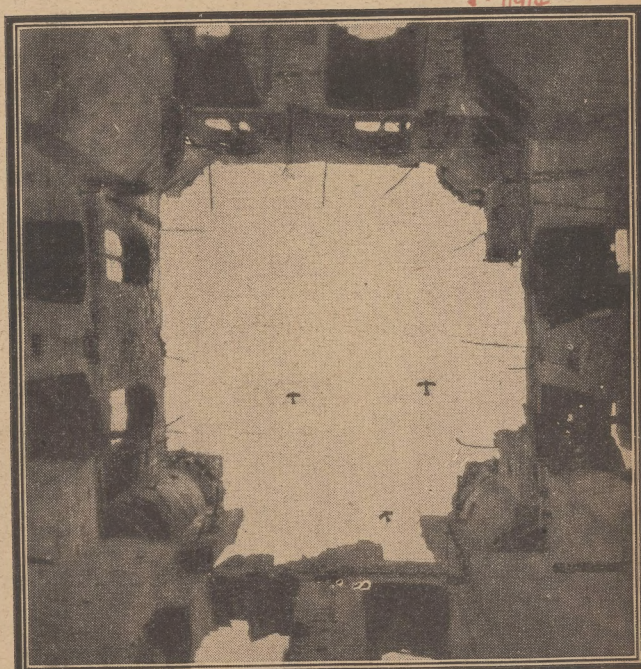
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

CAUSE AND EFFECT: FIRING A BIG GERMAN HOWITZER WHICH DESTROYED A CHURCH STEEPLE.



Germany's immense howitzers, which the Kaiser had secretly built at Essen in readiness for "the day" when he intended to plunge Europe into war, have proved capable of doing immense material damage. These two pictures illustrate cause and



effect, the first one showing the gun being fired. The second one shows the tower of the church which was hit by the shell. It was taken from inside the building looking upwards, and also shows three aeroplanes in flight.

DEER THE PET OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



This deer is a great pet with the wounded soldiers in one of the German hospitals. The animal likes to be petted by the patients, and wanders about from ward to ward.

SCHOOL FRIENDS.



Two Harrow boys, photographed in 1902. Tall figure, Captain R. M. Bowen-Colthurst, reported killed. His friend is Captain E. W. H. Bander, now at the front.

FEMININE HOMAGE FOR THE PRINCE.



The Prince of Wales leaving the Town Hall at Senlis with an official. The Prince is very popular in France, and there is always an admiring crowd to watch his comings and goings.



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ANSWERS

(NOW ON SALE)

is presented free this fine
plate, in full colours,
measuring 9 ins. by 12 ins.,
from a striking painting
by ARTHUR GARRATT

DON'T FORGET TO-DAY'S
ANSWERS

PRICE AS USUAL

ONE PENNY

NEW PERISCOPE.



New form of periscope for use in the trenches. The mirror also comes in handy for shaving purposes.

BRITISH CAVALRY SCOUTS AT WORK.



The aeroplane does not do all the scouting in warfare, and the cavalryman is also used for this purpose. These men are seen scanning the country from the top of a stock hut for some sign of the enemy. In the meanwhile the horses have seized the opportunity to have a "snack."

GERMAN "420" SHELL.



A "420" German shell which fell at Verdun without exploding. By its side are a "75" French and "77" German.

THE GREAT ZEPPELIN FIASCO.



Damage caused to the roof of a house in Paris by a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin. The raid was a complete failure; but one old woman died of fright.

ACCIDENT TO MOTOR AMBULANCE.



This motor-ambulance, the gift of Barbados, West Indies, came to grief on Salisbury Plain as the result of a collision. Fortunately the wounded passengers escaped with a shaking.

A CHILDISH IDEA.



Notices bearing the words "God Punish England" are posted in prominent positions all over Germany.

DIXIE TRENCH FIRES IN LONDON PARK.

Soldiers Have Meals Cooked As If They Were at the Front.

"DUG OUT" KITCHEN.

In suburban London itself—Brockwell Park, S.E., to be precise—soldiers are having their food cooked as if they were at the front. The Queen's Westminsters, who are in training there, are not in billets, but are living under war conditions, and they are cooking all their food in trenches.

They have an open-air military kitchen, besides a kitchen—kept down in the earth itself. Brick, clay and earth ovens of primitive construction are there, and when *The Daily Mirror* paid a surprise visit to the little encampment just before lunch yesterday, butters fed by wood fuel were laid in small, narrow trenches dug in the ground.

These are known as Dixie trench fires, and over them yesterday, currant puddings were being baked in steaming cauldrons, while meat was being baked in a huge brick and clay oven.

WHERE MEAT IS COOKED.

This oven, a model of one at the Military School of Cookery at Aldershot, could bake sufficient meat for over 200 soldiers.

There is a coke fire arrangement, roughly, but effectively constructed of clay and old iron, for frying and boiling purposes, though anything could be fried or boiled over the Dixie trench fires.

Another oven was made of an old bath turned over and covered with clay and with an opening made at one end of it.

The subterranean oven is the only one in this country. This had been constructed in a "dug-out" the ten feet deep, with steps cut out of the soil leading to it. The whole was covered with material to make it bomb-proof.

The oven itself was hollowed out at one side of the "dug-out."

COOK ANYTHING.

Sergeant-Master Cook A. F. Wrighton, who is there training the cooks for the new battalions of the Queen's Westminsters, assured *The Daily Mirror* that there was nothing that could not be cooked in these trench ovens.

Here, for instance, is the menu of varied meals served up to the troops during the past three days:

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Fried bacon and eggs, bread, butter, marmalade and tea. Dinner: Baked meat, plain stew, onions, bread, potatoes, figs and rice. Tea: Bread, butter, jam and tea.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Cold boiled bacon, bread, butter, tea and marmalade. Dinner: Baked meat, plain stew, onions, potatoes, figs and rice. Tea: Bread, butter, jam and tea.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Fried bacon and eggs, bread, butter, marmalade and tea. Dinner: Baked meat, currant puddings, bread, potatoes, figs and rice. Tea: Bread, butter, jam and tea.

The men themselves greatly relish these trench meals, and declare that they could not have better or more nourishing food in their own homes.

WOMEN DOCTORS' DAY.

War Brings About Record Demand for Medical Practitioners of Fair Sex.

The demand for women doctors has increased so tremendously of recent weeks that the supply is now practically exhausted.

This unprecedented demand for affairs has been brought about by the absence of a large number of medical men at the front.

It is getting a very serious problem," Miss Baines, of the London School of Medicine for Women, told *The Daily Mirror*.

"Almost every day we get letters from hospital authorities asking us to send them house surgeons, but we have not enough qualified women on our books left to fill the positions."

"We have also received an enormous number of requests for practitioners as locum tenentes for doctors who have been called up for active service."

On one day, *The Daily Mirror* was informed, the secretary received four or five urgent messages from the wives of doctors who had been called up for active service.

A generation ago the woman doctor was regarded with almost universal suspicion by the public. To-day she has triumphed in the most sensational fashion.

A great impetus has, it is thought, been given to women to enter the profession by their realization since the war began that there is very little use for the untrained worker in times of crisis.

In the earlier weeks of the war most of the practitioners who were available were quickly engaged. Many went to hospitals where women had never before held appointments.

DUSTBIN "SUPPLIES" SEIZED.

Even Berlin dustbins are to be drawn upon as a source of supply to meet the national need. The household waste which they contain is to be used for fodder.

A new regulation in Berlin provides that vegetable tops, peelings, waste bread and any other articles of this kind are to be kept and delivered at certain places, where they will be collected and used as fodder for cattle. The fine for a breach of this regulation has been placed at £7 10s.

PAPER EVERYBODY WANTS

"Sunday Pictorial" No. 2 Reached a Circulation of Over 1,500,000 Copies.

MACHINES' 12 HOURS' RUN.

The phenomenal circulation attained by the second number of the *Sunday Pictorial* was yesterday the talk of the newspaper world.

As a rule, there is often a greater demand for the first issue of a new paper than for any succeeding issue.

That is not the case, however, with the *Sunday Pictorial*. Although the sale of No. 1 reached over 1,000,000 copies, the public were so delighted with the contents of the paper that the circulation of No. 2 leapt up to over 1,500,000 copies.

Never in the world's history of journalism has there been such a rush for the second number of a popular paper.

The printing presses were running continuously for nearly twelve hours to deal with the huge orders that came through from all parts of the country.

But huge as the original orders were they were in many cases insufficient to meet the demand for the world's best and brightest Sunday paper, with the result that repeat orders were reaching the publishing office till a late hour on Sunday evening.

The publishing arrangements worked with clock-like precision. Trains were caught to all parts of the United Kingdom, and five special trains, which served no fewer than ten counties, took the *Sunday Pictorial* into the country in time for the Sunday morning breakfast-table.

The letters which reached the publishing office from remote parts of the country yesterday show that here, as in the larger and more accessible districts, the demand for the *Sunday Pictorial* was far in excess of expectations.

Next Sunday's circulation should be even larger than last Sunday's, for many striking surprises are in store for readers.

FORGER'S £800 HAUL.

Daring Swindler Steals City Firm's Cheque Book After Obtaining Signature.

Search was being made yesterday by the London police for a clever swindler who has obtained £800 from Barclay's Bank, in Lombard-street, by means of two forged cheques.

The man, who is described as an expert accountant, obtained a situation last month with a Bishopsgate firm, to whom he gave a forged testimonial.

He worked assiduously, but at the first opportunity obtained possession of the firm's cheque-book, from which he secured a copy of the signature of his chief employer. Later he sent a note that he was ill, and was not seen again. Then the firm discovered that two of their cheques, each for £400, had been passed through the bank.

An examination of the cheque-book showed also that the two cheques, together with the counterfoils, had been neatly cut out of the cheque-book, filled up by the forger and paid through his own bank.

After allowing time for the cheques to be cleared he withdrew the whole of the money, except a few pounds, and decamped. Steps were taken to stop the notes, but the thief had changed a large number into foreign notes. It is stated that he has swindled other firms of £1,450.

WOMEN'S RALLY TO THE FLAG.

Women are making an enthusiastic response to the Government's appeal to them to register themselves for war service. "Seven hundred women registered themselves in London on Thursday," said the appeal was issued," said an official at the Westminster Labour Exchange yesterday.

"Friday morning's post," he went on, "brought no fewer than 5,000 letters to our office from women of all parts of the country asking for registration forms and expressing their willingness to be of service."

On Friday the registrations rose to 1,270. This morning the first post alone brought 3,000 letters and the figures for the whole country must be very much larger.

Most of the women, the official explained, gave the impression that they are coming forward from the purely patriotic motive of helping their country.

MATRIMONIAL TANGLE.

George Russell, at Nottingham yesterday, appealed for a maintenance order in favour of his wife to be quashed, alleging that his wife had committed bigamy when she married him, her former husband, named Kettle, being alive.

The case when Mrs. Russell married Thursday was a bachelor. Kettle, who was a former Kettle, who said he was a bachelor, Kettle had a wife living, and therefore her marriage with Russell was valid. Certificates were produced, and the Bench dismissed the application.

ITALIAN BLOCKADE OF AUSTRIA?

PARIS, March 22.—*The Echo de Paris* publishes the following sensational report from Milan.

Commerce is interrupted between Italy and Dalmatia. The commander of the Italian Fleet has ordered all Austrian merchant ships of any nationality in the Adriatic carrying goods of any kind to or from Austria. —Reuter.

NEW ERA OF FRILLS.

Dainty Bows and Ribbons in New Petticoat Designs.

MORE WORK FOR MILLINERS.

The wide skirt has caused a most distinct revival of the petticoat.

This is not only pleasing from the point of view of feminine fancy, but it is excellent for trade, as many women will regain employment in making the plain petticoat; and, of course, in the fancy petticoat there is money to be made in designing and work such as embroidery and fancy flowers and ribbons.

One of the latest war ideas is the regimental petticoat—a silk petticoat made in regimental material, which has also arisen.

Filled petticoats—not so wide as they used to be, but more dainty in design—are coming again into favour. They are of soft silks, with dainty and laces with ribbons "threaded through," and knots of pretty posies and bows.

Some more austere petticoats are of black satin with white bows, or vice versa.

The slashed petticoat of the Directorate style firm, did not get out of fashion, and the petticoat of the moment is very like that which the little schoolgirl wears for tea parties.



Back view of "some" hat which was seen at Brighton on Sunday.

STEVEDORES' RETURN.

Port of London Busy Again After Award of War Rates to Workers.

Stevedores were back at work again at the Port of London yesterday, and the position of affairs was almost normal, and the position of this is the result of the decision by Mr. Runei-

man, President of the Board of Trade, that the Stevedores' Labour Protection League and the London Master Stevedores' Association "is a good one and cannot be ignored." All the shipping companies, including those who were not parties to the agreement, recognise it as binding, and the men are now receiving the special war rates.

The Liverpool dock strikers returned to work yesterday. The dispute affects Saturday and Sunday work only.

Commenting on Lord Kitchener's grave letter to Liverpool dockers yesterday, Mr. H. Gosling, president of the National Federation of Transport Workers, said:

"The only way to remove the necessity for Lord Kitchener writing this kind of letter is for there to be an Advisory Board set up. 'The position of affairs is far too serious for there to be any stoppage at all. But the men must have some tribunal by which they can get their grievances redressed.'"

The Dockers' Union have as yet had no reply from the Port of London Authority with regard to their request that the dispute should be referred to arbitration except an intimation that the matter will receive attention at the meeting on Thursday.

The dockers ask for an additional 2d. an hour, in reply to which the Port of London Authority have made an offer of 6d. per day.

GERMAN LINER TRIES TO ESCAPE.

NEW YORK, March 21.—A telegram from San Juan, Puerto Rico, states that the Hamburg-American steamer *Odenwald*, which has been there since August, made an attempt to steal out.

The guns of the forts fired blank cartridges across her bows, but the steamer continued on her course until live shells were fired. She then returned and was seized by the Customs authorities.—Reuter.

CLAIM TO DIAMONDS WORTH £5,000.

Disputed Antwerp Deal of Merchant Who Shot Himself.

JUDGE TALKS IN FRENCH.

The purchase of £5,000 worth of diamonds in Antwerp by a diamond merchant, who shot himself after returning to London, was described in a remarkable case yesterday in Mr. Justice Darling's court.

Messrs. Maurice and Isidore Saks, diamond merchants, Antwerp, sued Mr. Albert Edward Tilley, trustee in bankruptcy of Mr. Henry Davis, of the firm of D. L. Davis, of Hutton-garden, for the return of a parcel of diamonds and damages for their detention. The defence was a denial that the diamonds belonged to the plaintiffs.

The diamonds, it was stated, were bought by Mr. Bert Davis, a young member of the Davis firm, and it was alleged by counsel for the plaintiffs that he had to sell them at 10 per cent. below cost price.

"On his way home that night," continued counsel, "Mr. Bert Davis purchased a revolver, and early in the morning of January 14 he went down to the City and shot himself in his office."

The Judge: Do you mean he shot himself dead?

Counsel: Yes; he committed suicide. The hearing was adjourned.

WITNESS FROM FIRING LINE.

Mr. Green, K.C., for the plaintiffs, said that before the war Messrs. Saks carried on business at Antwerp, Brussels and Amsterdam, and the question for the jury was whether the diamonds belonged to Messrs. Saks or whether they had passed to Messrs. Davis before the bankruptcy, and were available for division among the creditors.

Counsel said that in January, 1914, Messrs. Davis failed, with a deficiency of £53,000.

On January 10, 1914, when the firm were being pressed by their bank, Mr. Bert Davis, who looked after the financial affairs of the firm, went to Antwerp, and was shown by Messrs. Saks's agent a parcel of diamonds.

He showed the usual reluctance to do any business at first, but after examining the diamonds he announced that he had a customer, who would, however, require six months' credit.

Young Mr. Davis offered the diamonds per carat, and, relying on the statement that Mr. Davis had a real customer, Messrs. Saks's agent struck a bargain. Davis made no purchases when in Antwerp, his deals amounting to between £5,000 and £6,000.

The diamonds bought from Messrs. Saks were dispatched by post to London on January 12, together with the invoice and a bill for acceptance. The bill was never accepted by Messrs. Davis. Mr. Henry Davis repudiating the transaction on the ground that he had told his son not to buy diamonds when he went to Antwerp.

When Mr. Bert Davis arrived back in London on January 13 four banks were pressing for the immediate payment of £4,000.

EXAMINED IN FRENCH.

In the course of the morning an accountant was called in, and he heard Mr. Bert Davis offer to sell to a Mr. Polpelt, for 10 per cent. below cost price, the diamonds which he had bought in Antwerp for over £5,000.

Mr. Green said a bankruptcy petition was eventually presented, and although Messrs. Saks claimed the diamonds purchased by Mr. Bert Davis as theirs, the trustee claimed them.

Counsel would ask the jury to say that if the transaction had been an honest one Mr. Bert Davis would not have said he was buying for a customer when he had no customer.

M. Jules Bolle, diamond-broker, of Antwerp, said he acted for Messrs. Saks, and described how on Sunday, January 11, 1914, he showed a parcel of diamonds belonging to Messrs. Saks to Mr. Bert Davis.

When he showed the diamonds Mr. Davis said: "I am a customer for these goods."

DIAMONDS' FALL IN VALUE.

The Judge took this down, and witness then explained that what he meant was that Mr. Davis said he had a customer for the diamonds.

The Judge, who is a fluent French scholar, then took the witness in hand in French, and a long conversation followed, the Judge taking a note in French of the evidence of Mr. Davis.

Counsel explained that M. Bolle had been a great deal in the firing line, and if he seemed excited the Court must excuse him.

M. Maurice Trks, in the witness-box, said the last witness told him that Mr. Davis had said he had a customer, and on these grounds alone he parted with the diamonds.

Witness said that as a result of the war good-quality diamonds had depreciated from 15 to 20 per cent., and cheap stuff 30 per cent.

Mr. Rawlinson, addressing the jury, said it had been suggested that Mr. Bert Davis did not buy these diamonds in the ordinary and legitimate way of business, but that there was no ground for any such suggestion. At the time the young man went to Antwerp his firm had stock worth £40,000 at the lowest computation, and there was no reason why he should not honestly make arrangements to pay for the stones.

SOLDIER'S UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

Private T. Fox (8303), Scots Guards, who is a prisoner of war at Göttingen, Germany, has sent a postcard to Mrs. Fox (or Mr.) Fox, 15 Sloane-street, London, asking for cigarettes and tobacco, but no one of that name is known at the address given.

PRZEMYSL SURRENDERS TO THE RUSSIAN FORCES

Fall of Beleaguered Austrian Fortress After Siege of Six Months.

SUCCESS THAT OPENS ROAD TO CRACOW.

Tsar and Grand Duke Attend Thanksgiving Service at Headquarters.

GERMANS CLAIM "VICTORY" AT MEMEL.

Przemysl has fallen.

After a siege of six months the Austrian garrison, which fought so doggedly against great odds, has surrendered to the Russian armies, which will now make a simultaneous advance on Cracow and Hungary.

News of this important success by our gallant Ally was officially announced last night in London.

The fall of Przemysl is of great importance, for it opens the way to Cracow, the fortress which prevents the advance on Vienna, Austria's capital.

Russia now will have large forces released, which can attack positions held by Austrian and German troops in the Carpathians.

Przemysl—pronounced Pshemy-sel—is in Austrian Galicia and sixty-one miles west of Lemberg, where the Austrians sustained such severe losses early in the war.

During the bombardment the city, which had a population of 46,000, suffered terribly. Indescribable desolation was caused by the repeated shelling. Food was so scarce that the garrison had to eat its horses.

DEFENDERS OF PRZEMYSL SURRENDER ARMS.

How Russians Hemmed Austrians in Ring of Steel Round City.

The following official statement was issued last night in London:—

Information has been received that the fortress of Przemysl has fallen and the garrison surrendered to Russian arms.

PETROGRAD, March 22.—The following official communiqué was issued from Main Headquarters this morning:—

The fortress of Przemysl has surrendered to our troops.

At the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief a Te Deum of thanksgiving was celebrated in the presence of the Tsar, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief, and all the Staff.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD REJOICES.

PETROGRAD, March 22.—The whole population of Petrograd is rejoicing at the news of the fall of Przemysl, and crowds of people are cheering in the streets.

Numerous patriotic demonstrations are being made, and there is general enthusiasm on all sides.—Exchange.

The official telegram meant much to the Russian Army, for it is felt in Petrograd, says the Central News, that the end of Austrian domination in Galicia has now arrived.

Cossacks rode along the streets amid the plaudits singing war songs.

With the taking of Przemysl the Russians seize thousands of Austrians soldiers, many guns and several aeroplanes, while the Russian task on both fronts is considerably lightened.

For many months past the Russians had hemmed round the city of Przemysl in a ring of steel.

The Austrian garrison resisted stubbornly, but the Russians out-numbered them by two to one. The end was not unexpected.

Przemysl, whose fate has been awaited by the world with deep interest for many months, is a town of Austrian Galicia.

It is situated on the River San, and forms a junction of all the roads in Galicia, which are also the best way to Budapest.

By rail Przemysl is sixty-one miles west of Lemberg.

ATE THEIR HORSES.

LEMBERG, March 22.—Polish soldiers who were captured at Przemysl give vivid descriptions of the terrible conditions which prevailed in the fortress before its surrender.

For a long time bread had been scarce and had to be doled out in famine rations, and towards the end the meat supply also failed.

The cattle and sheep having all been slaughtered the commandant gave orders for

streets with the exception of the officers' chargers.

Disease was rampant in the town, and the bad preserved food which the soldiers had to consume caused terrible outbreaks of typhoid fever and other illnesses, and created deep discontent.—Reuter.

CROSS FOR GRAND DUKE.

PETROGRAD, March 22.—It is officially announced that from the Niemen to the Vistula and on the left bank of the Vistula there is no change.

The Russian troops which advanced from Tauragien occupied Laukargen after a fight, capturing some prisoners and war and engineering stores.

In the valleys of the Ondawa and Laborez, near the Lupkow Pass, and on the left bank of the Upper San, the Russians have advanced.

2,500 PRISONERS.

During the last twenty-four hours the Russians have captured 2,500 men, fifty officers and four machine guns.

In the direction of Nunkacz the Germans in dense formation have attacked the Russian positions at Rossochak, Orachik and Kosiwkiwa, but they were everywhere repulsed by the Russian fire and by counter-attacks, the enemy suffering heavy losses.

In consequence of the joyful event of the surrender of the fortress of Przemysl the Generalissimo, the Grand Duke Nicholas, has been awarded the St. George's Cross of the second degree.—Exchange Special.

SURRENDER—BY ORDER.

AMSTERDAM, March 22.—The following official statement is issued in Vienna:—

After four (sic) months of investment Przemysl has honourably fallen.

The commandant had received an order to leave the fortress to the enemy after three days because at the moment of the attack the greatest economy with the food rations enabled resistance to be maintained for three days only.

"CAUGHT HIM NAPPING."

PETROGRAD, March 21.—While the capture of Memel, with its shipbuilding yards, factories for cement, fortifications, garrison and guns is regarded as unimportant from the strategic standpoint, it is recognised that it will have a great moral effect upon German opinion.

General von Hindenburg has been caught napping, and it is believed that it will be impossible to retake the town from the Russians.—Central News.

Yesterday's official German report declares that after short fighting south of the town and obstinate street fighting, the Russians were driven out of Memel.

WHAT PRZEMYSL MEANS.

(By Our Diplomat Correspondent.)

Everybody in diplomatic circles in London yesterday was happy, and Przemysl was the cause. The Russian Ambassador was the recipient of hearty congratulations, and the French Ambassador on leaving the Foreign Office in the afternoon was seen to be looking remarkably cheerful.

What does the taking of Przemysl really mean? It means that Russia has overcome a great obstacle on her road to Vienna; it means that another stiff, uphill milestone has been passed.

Russia's objective is Cracow, and a glance at the map will show the reason. Once she has mastered the Carpathians will command the road to Vienna and Breslau. On the Austrian side she will pass through lands inhabited by Slavs, who, if not openly hostile to Austria, will at the very least be glad to see the Russians among them.

Russia's presence at Cracow will make the German occupation of the Lodz district of Poland impossible. As the crow flies, it is some 140 miles from Przemysl to Cracow, and in all probability Russia will have to fight for every inch of the way—unless Austria becomes demoralised.

It is the opinion among diplomats that the main object of the Carpathians will be decided within the next month.

E. H.

TWO SERIOUS REVERSES FOR THE GERMANS.

French Defeat Five Counter Attacks and Inflict Heavy Loss.

PARIS, March 22.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

On the plateau of Notre Dame de Lorette we hold all the trenches disputed during the last few days, except one portion ten yards in extent, which remains in the hands of the Germans.

At Les Eparges the enemy counter-attacked five times with the object of recovering the positions won by us. His defeat was complete. We have made progress to the north of Badonviller.—Reuter.

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

PARIS, March 22.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

To the North of Arras.—At Notre Dame de Lorette a German counter-attack on the evening of the day before yesterday deprived us of some sections of trenches. We recaptured them yesterday.

At La Boisselle.—North-east of Albert: Mine warfare continues. After having blown up one of the enemy's galleries we occupied the greater part of the pit formed.

In the Argonne.—We inflicted on the enemy two serious reverses. Near Bagatelle we blew up three mines, and two companies of our troops stormed a German trench, in which they maintained their position in spite of a strong counter-attack.

Five hundred yards from there the enemy, after exploding two mines and bombarding our trenches, rushed to the attack on a front of about 250 yards.

After some very hot hand-to-hand fighting the assailants were hurled back, in spite of the arrival of their reinforcements.

Our artillery caught them under its fire as they were falling back and inflicted very heavy losses upon them.—Reuter.

ZEPPELIN WRECKED.

AMSTERDAM, March 22.—Persons who have arrived at Maastricht from Liege report that on Saturday a Zeppelin airship was wrecked at Liege.—Central News.

PARIS WAITS FOR GASBAG.

PARIS, March 22.—The following was appended to the official communiqué to-night:—

On the evening of the 22nd, at 8.50, three bombs were thrown on Villers Cotterets, and it is announced that a Zeppelin is proceeding westwards, and an alarm has been given at Paris, where all the necessary precautions have been taken.—Exchange Special.

Villers-Cotterets, a town in the Aisne department is thirteen miles south-west of Soissons. It was the birthplace of Alexander Dumas, père.

PARIS, March 22.—It was officially announced at 10.50 p.m. that all danger from Zeppelins had passed.—Exchange.

PARIS, March 22.—Paris was expecting a second Zeppelin raid to-night.

Shortly after nine o'clock lights were everywhere extinguished, while fire alarms and bugle calls sounded.

The Parisians took little heed of the police warnings to remain at home and take refuge in cellars.

The boulevards were crowded, and every open space was filled with expectant groups of people, despite an unpleasant drizzle.—Reuter

PIRATES' NEW VICTIM.

DOVER, March 22.—The Whitty steamer Concord was torpedoed near the Royal Sovereign lightship to-day.

The crew of twenty-six were rescued by a patrol boat and landed at Dover this evening. When they left the spot the steamer was still afloat, but badly damaged.

[The Concord is a boat of 2,861 tons, owned by the "Small and Sons" Steamship Company, Limited, of Whitty.]

"SOONER DIE" THAN BE UNDER HUN RULE.

Sir Edward Grey's Striking Declaration in Powerful Indictment of Germany.

BERLIN'S BLOOD-GUILT.

Germany refused every suggestion made to her for settling the disputes in this way (by a conference), and on her rests now, and must rest for all time, the appalling responsibility for having plunged Europe into this war.

This spoke Sir Edward Grey in a powerful indictment of Germany which he made in a speech at the Bechstein Hall yesterday, where he presided at a war lecture given by Mr. Buchan.

In striking and unforgettable words he described Germany's blood-guiltiness:—

Hundreds of millions of money have been spent, hundreds of thousands of lives have been lost, and millions have been wounded or maimed in Europe during the last few months.

All this might have been avoided by the simple method of a conference or by a joint declaration between the European Powers concerned, which might have been held in London or at The Hague.

Later came a splendid passage, magnificent alike for its sense and its noble spirit. The Foreign Secretary pictured the German ideal of European domination, and then electrified his audience with this declaration:—

"I would either perish or I under such conditions altogether than live in it under such conditions."

The phrase gripped the audience, who applauded loudly and loudly—almost fiercely.

Pointing out that in the Balkan Conference we sought no diplomatic triumph, but pursued impartially to the end of peace, Sir Edward Grey said we were ready last July to do the same, and France, Italy and Russia were also ready to accept a conference.

SHINING ARMOUR MENACE.

Dealing with the issues for which we are fighting, Sir Edward Grey said that when the terms of peace were put forward, but paradoxical common with us the essential condition must be the reparation of Belgium to her independent national life, the free possession of her territory, and reparation to her, as far as reparation was possible, for the cruel wrong done to her.

The German ideal—we have had it poured out by German professors and publicists since the war began—is that the Germans are a superior people to whom all things are lawful in the securing of their own power; against whom resistance of every sort is unlawful and to be savagely put down; a people established in the dominion of the nations of the Continent, imposing a peace that is not to be liberty for other nations, but subservience to Germany.

After this war we and other nations of Europe must be free to live, not menaced by talk of supreme and absolute power, but by the sword continually rattled in the scabbard.

A glowing tribute to our sailors and soldiers followed:—

All honour for ever be given from us whom age or circumstance had kept at home to those who voluntarily have come forward to risk their lives and give their lives on the field of battle on land or sea. They have their reward in enduring fidelity and honour. And honour will be given to the brave armies and navies of our Allies, who have exhibited such splendid courage and noble patriotism.

TAUBE HURLS BOMBS AT DUTCH STEAMER.

Missiles Fall Six Feet from Vessel's Bow—Air Attack on British Ships.

AMSTERDAM, March 22.—The Dutch steamer Zevenbergen, from Rotterdam, arrived last night at Ymuiden. Captain Janski and First Mate Coerkamp stated to a correspondent that yesterday morning, at half-past eleven, when eight miles west of the English North Lander, they saw a German aeroplane above them at an altitude of 270 yards.

The Taube dropped two bombs, which exploded at six yards distance from the bow. The aircraft then disappeared in the direction of the Dutch coast.

The captain immediately ordered the Dutch colours and the Dutch flag to be hoisted on the deck. During the attack the Dutch flag was flying.

Then the Taube returned and dropped bombs directed upon two British ships with white funnels, but the captain and mate of the Dutch vessel could not see the effect.

British ships fired at the Taube, which once more flew over the Dutch steamer and disappeared.—Central News.

RELIEF SHIP ATTACKED.

AMSTERDAM, March 22.—The Rotterdam correspondent of the Handelsblad states that the steamer Elifand, flying the British flag and sailing under charter of the American Relief Committee, was attacked near the Noord-Hinder lightship by a Taube, which dropped a number of bombs.

The bombs, however, did not hit the vessel, which reached Rotterdam safely.—Central News.



Map showing Przemysl. The news of its fall, which was received yesterday, had been expected for some days.

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Large Trial Bottle 9d.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1915.

A LITTLE SILENCE.

EVEN STERN Protestants sometimes admit that there is an open hospitality in Roman Catholic churches not always to be enjoyed in our perhaps colder Anglican halls: it is felt, sometimes, as a great satisfaction by tourists, worn with sight-seeing, to be able to push back the hanging curtain over a great doorway, and for a moment—it may be without immediate mystical intention—to find themselves amongst the lights, the incense, the silence. Nerves in our nervous time may well be soothed by these indulgences, and we imagine that these can never have been valued more than now they must be, by anxious waiting women, by all the tried women of France, for instance, in towns remote from the firing. And our own City churches, too, provide us with something of the same sort of satisfaction at midday. They are perhaps just now—so long as their pulpits are empty—the only places where it is possible, not indeed to avoid thought of the war, but to avoid speech about it.

"We heard a man say the other day: 'I get away from it at the barber's.'"

Good heavens!—to what barber can he possibly go? Let him recommend this barber! Usually, one's head hardly resting upon the chair, the barber will conceive it to be part of his duty, part of his job, to begin without delay: "And how are things going, do you think, Sir? Dardanelles all right, Sir? See we've had a victory at So-and-so, Sir"—or a defeat somewhere else. Your eyes were closing for a moment. You were yielding to a brief somnolence, induced by the warm room, or by the very fact that you had escaped from the roar. And then he begins, as they all do, under the impression that you want to tell him what you think about the war.

Then, do you never see your friends in war time? You must see them occasionally. Otherwise they will telephone and pick quarrels with you. They will ask you to tea. To tea, then, you go, penitent. And around the teacups will they sit, war-mourists all, war-discussing. What they have heard they will tell you, and also what they have heard that somebody else has heard, who heard it from somebody who heard it from Lord Kitchener. You thought it your duty to go to a war-tea.

It is then that the glimmering thought of that faintly-scented air comes upon you—in that Cathedral—once visited—long ago. But this is weakness. You suppress it, and go home to discuss the war over dinner.

People often die through a mistaken devotion to duty; and we praise their devotion—and wish they had understood their duty better. Thus we praise now, but pity also, those who conceive it to be right, or at least, unavoidable, to be perpetually discussing the war.

But what else is there to talk about?

No doubt, no doubt—nothing else. But there is, too—or once there was—such an almost audible thing as occasional restful silence. And of this great gift of the immortals we are reminded as we mortals enter their houses for a moment—it being pre-mised, always, that not too many other mortals are about in them. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The mind is everything; what you think you become.—Buddhist Maxim.

TO A FRIEND LOST.

When I remember, friend, whom lost I call,
Because a man beloved is taken hence,
The tender humour and the fire of sense
In your good eyes; how full of heart for all,
And chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that I'mp of sane benevolence,
Then see I round you Death his shadowy dense
Divide, and at your feet his emblems fall.
For surely are you one with the white host,
Spirits, whose memory is our vital air
Through the great love of Earth they had: to those,
Like beams that throw the path on tossing seas,
Can bid us feel we keep them in the gloom,
Partakers of a strife they joyed to share.
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Busy London.

LONDON was full and busy during the week-end. I snatched a hurried lunch on Friday at a restaurant where everybody seemed in a hurry to "go on" to some entertainment or meeting. It seemed for a moment almost as though the early times had returned and as if social preoccupations were the only ones worth considering, as it used to be eight months ago.

The High-Collared Neck.

I CAUGHT a glimpse of Sir Herbert Tree at one of the "cosy corner" tables, and Miss Laurette Taylor was in another part of the room with two or three pretty American women, who all, by the way, seem to have adopted the high-

but really I don't think these inflated outlines becoming, except to very slim young girls.

Mme. de Nevosky.

ON Saturday I spent a part of the afternoon at a musicale given at a charming house in Putnam Crescent by Mme. de Nevosky, a beautiful Russian, who looks as if she had stepped out of the pages of a romance and had nothing to do with everyday life.

Distinguished Guests.

I SAW a lot of distinguished people in the crowded rooms. Sir Arthur and Lady Perley were there. Sir Frederick and Lady Wallenburg I also recognised, while Mme.

HOW DRILL MIGHT IMPROVE OUR STREETS.



Nearly all the men in the country are drilling. But there are still plenty of people who would be immensely improved by drill, and the life of the pedestrian in our streets would be made much pleasanter if the same discipline could direct us all there.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

collared neckgear that I, for one, find extremely uncomfortable and very unbecoming.

Helping the Recruiting.

ACROSS the way, at the Haymarket Theatre, there were brave doings on Friday, for the "Recruiting Bands" had a matinee all to themselves, and a full house rewarded Mr. Frederick Harrison's efforts on their behalf. Lots of pretty ladies were selling programmes, and seemed to be driving a thriving trade. Mrs. Christopher Lowther, wrapped in a big leopard's skin, was most energetic, and Miss Mabel Love, in a spring-like gown of palest grey, was actually giving change when it was asked for!

Madame Rejane in the New Skirt.

THE LORD MAYOR and Lady Mayors were in a box, and there were several wounded officers to be seen in the stalls. Madame Rejane, who recited a tiny poem, was wearing a soft black charmeuse gown with a very short and immensely full skirt, obviously hanging over a crinoline. I dare say it is the dernier cri,

Perez de Triana came with her husband, the ex-Columbian Minister. Mr. James McBey, the famous etcher, who is called the modern Rembrandt, was one of a group that also included the Spanish painter Pablo de Beyer and Mr. Herbert Sidney; while a white-haired clergyman, the Rev. Ramsay l'Amey, reminded me of the Abbé Liszt as he played some exquisite solos on the piano.

At Aspley House.

THE same afternoon also saw a big crowd at Aspley House, where another war concert was in progress, and a lot of smart people struggled for admission to the historic house that commemorates so much that is noble in the war history of Britain.

A War Concert.

LADY GURZON was also to be seen, fair and pretty and smiling; while Lady Maude Warrender looked in for a few minutes to hear Mme. Alvarez, the South American contralto, sing beautifully.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

KHAKI MARRIAGES.

Dangers of 'Rushing Into' Matrimony Without Due Consideration.

IRRESISTIBLE SOLDIERS.

I AM a great admirer of *The Daily Mirror*, and wish your paper the success it deserves. I consider the discussions one of the most interesting features. I hope you will allow me to add my views on "Marriage Problems."

A real love marriage is the most beautiful, the most sacred, thing in the world, and the issue of such a marriage is the most wonderful gift to humanity. If a soldier and his sweet-heart have that love for each other which will survive all the little disillusionments, disappointments and sacrifices which marriage must bring, surely it does not matter whether they marry now or at the end of the war.

But there is a growing tendency to rush into matrimony without realising its solemnity or responsibilities. Temporary infatuation is too often mistaken for love. Unsuitable and unhappy marriages are the result.

This is the great evil which the irresistible attraction of the khaki is doing much to encourage just now. Our natural admiration for our splendid, gallant soldiers should not cause us to endanger our future happiness and theirs by hasty marriages. E. H.

A HELP TO A MAN.

I HAVE followed with much interest the correspondence on marriage and the war.

How any reasonable human being could object to a marriage before leaving for the front passes my comprehension. In my own humble opinion every man who does his day's work honestly, and especially those who are defending their country, is entitled to all the happiness which a good wife can bring him.

From my own feelings I am sure that such a marriage can only be a source of inspiration and courage to the man. Personally, as a submarine officer, who has seen a certain amount of active war service, I can only say that such a marriage would have been of the greatest help to me, and I would make any sacrifice to meet the right girl, but, unfortunately, my circle of acquaintances is very limited at present. SUB MARE.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

YOUR correspondent, "Not Just Yet," certainly appears to put a gloomy aspect on the situation.

We find him bemoaning the loss of his situation, and then criticising the individual who steps into the breach. I can assure your correspondent that, as soon as the war is over, the commercial side of the question will simply be a question of the "survival of the fittest." That being so, a person of his calibre should have no difficulty in retaining his place in the commercial world. As regards his views of marrying during this crisis, I quite agree with him, but he should remember that for the time being he is simply in the same boat as his civilian friend who is not in a position to marry, but who, under the motto, "Nil desperandum," conspicuously behaves his eyes. F. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 22.—Roses may be planted this week in well-prepared ground, but let the soil be in a fairly dry condition. The dwarf polyantha roses should be found in all gardens. They will form big bushes, or, if pruned to six inches of the ground each year, they can be kept dwarf. These roses bloom from June until November and provide us with masses of bright flowers for cutting. Let them be used for massing or for the edging of rose beds. Orleans (geranium), Jessie (crimson), K. Zennet (white), and Perle d'Or (yellow) are four lovely varieties. E. F. T.

YOUNGEST GUIDE.

P. 14143



Little "Billie" McAllister, who, dressed as Columbia, acts as guide in the "Made in America" section of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. She is only just seven years of age.

ZENA DARE JOINS THE RED CROSS

P. 298



Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare), who has joined the French Red Cross, waiting on British soldiers. She is nearest the camera. Her husband, who is now attached to Headquarters, is Viscount Esher's second son. He is a Territorial officer.

HEIRESS NURSE.

P. 13434



Miss Catherine Britton, the American heiress who is on her way to act as nurse with the Allied Armies. She is engaged to Mr. Robert Beresford, Lord Decies' brother.

HOUND ON A HORSE.

P. 6468



The mascot of a regiment goes for a ride. He seems to enjoy himself, though this was not the kind of exercise he indulged in before enlisting.

"SHE DID HER DUTY."

P. 14143



Ivy Jones, aged fourteen, of Deptford, who went to the assistance of a policeman. "A brave girl who has done her duty," said the Greenwich magistrate.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

P. 14143



Miss B. Barnett, whose engagement to Mr. P. A. Satow is announced.—(Val L'Estrange.)

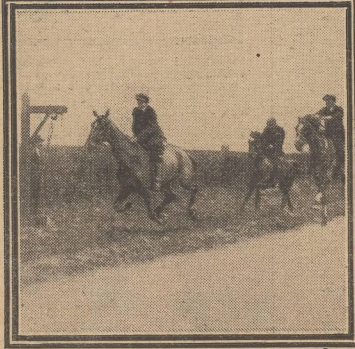
THE "YORKSHIRE DERBY" RUN ON A GRASSY ROAD.

P. 14143



Weighing in. Note the antiquated scales.

Market Weighton has held its race meeting annually since 1619. The prize money was invested in that year, and the winner takes the interest. This year it amounted to £9 17s. 6d. Three horses took part in the race, which is run over a grassy road four miles in length.



Kimberley first past the winning-post.

WIDOWED BY WAR

P. 14009



Mrs. Ethelston, whose husband, tenant H. W. Ethelston, was killed in the war. (Val L'Estrange.)

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES AND MAIL VANS "HELD UP" BY SNOWDRIFTS.



Omnibus "held up" by a great barrier of snow at Westerhope.



The vehicle had to be dug out. This proved a long business.



A snowplough got within half a mile of an omnibus and then stuck.

Fierce blizzards have been experienced in the North and East Midlands, and at Westerhope the Newcastle Corporation motor-omnibuses were brought to a standstill by great



Mail van at Southwell.



These are not Hindenburg's men in Poland, but Scottish cyclists.

snowdrifts. Near Southwell a mail van was "held up" for some hours, and the inhabitants did not get their letters until late in the day.

"BULLET PASSED THROUGH LIKE THIS."



Private G. Ward (Sherwood Foresters) shows how a bullet entered his head and emerged under his left eye. He has suffered no permanent injury, and has fully recovered from the wound.

HEROIC DOCTOR.



Dr. D. C. Turnbull, who stayed a day under fire to compress an artery of a brother officer. He was wounded and died the same night.

SOLDIER'S WIFE SELLS NEWSPAPERS.



A young married woman who sells papers on the Paris boulevards. Her husband was called to the colours in August, and she has no other means of support. She has had an offer of marriage!

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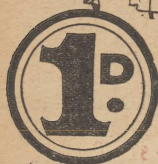
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By G. Willoughby.

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Sir,—Please forward me the picture of "THE HOME OF THE DEER," from the Original Painting by G. Willoughby, together with your ILLUSTRATED LIST OF ART PRODUCTIONS. Enclosed is the nominal fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to cover registration and cost of case, packing and carriage to my address, no charge being made for the picture itself.

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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot but see how she recognises the voice of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick is a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rouse it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and his hairdresser with him to fuss about." "He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. . . .

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The story she hears with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings. To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. He at the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll run away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

Subsequently Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is pressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Inadvertently old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a picture of Richard in a magazine. He is in a taxi cab. The man turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the first week of his service. He is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking and he is very angry. He is so angry that he tells Montague that she will marry him whenever he likes.

CHATTERTON CONFESSES.

WHEN Chatterton came back from having seen Sonia leave the theatre with Montague he felt desperate.

It had been bad enough before, but now, having seen her with her own eyes and his rival's side, the full realisation of all he had lost came home to him with almost stunning force.

Once all his dreams and ambitions had seemed to be centred round Burvale, and the fact that by his marriage he was going back to his home; but now he never thought of it; now Sonia filled his mind to the exclusion of all else.

Perhaps he had always really loved her; perhaps it was only that the shock of losing her had wakened him from his inertia and roused the slumbering depths of his heart to quick vitality.

It seemed incredible to him as he lay awake at night, haunted by her face and his rival's smile, unable to sleep for the throbbing of his arm and shoulder, that he had ever been such an utter fool as to hold her lightly.

Little incidents that had been crowded into those few short weeks of their engagement returned to mock him—the times he had left her alone, the times he had excused himself from accompanying her to entertainments or friends' houses.

In those days he had shrugged his shoulders and told her not to be exacting when she grew angry with him; now he lay awake in the darkness, cursing his own selfishness and short-sightedness.

Montague had valued the thing he had fully thrown away. Montague had stooped to dishonour to secure it for himself.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

And now Sonia would marry him, and all her life she would go on hating and despising the man who would at last gladly have lain down and let her dainty feet walk over his aching heart.

Pain often drives a man to foolishness; it was pain in the case of Richard Chatterton that drove him to pay extra attention to charming Nurse Anderson.

She liked him; he knew perfectly well, apart from the chaffing of the other men in the house, that she had singled him out for special favours.

She was a pretty girl; something in the way she looked at him and smiled reminded him a little of Sonia. He found himself exerting all his efforts to amuse her; he liked talking to her; she was kind and sympathetic.

The meeting in the park that morning had been a chance one, but Chatterton was glad of it.

There were blue devils sitting on his shoulders when he saw her coming towards him; it was wonderful how the burden lightened beneath her pretty smile.

"Why is it the matter?" she asked cheerily, falling into step beside him.

Chatterton laughed rather mirthlessly. "Oh, I haven't slept. . . . that's all," she said sympathetically. "What's the matter? Isn't your arm so well?"

"Oh, it's not that. . . . He stopped, wondering if he might tell her what it was.

But it was not likely that she would want to be bothered with stories of his foolishness; he dismissed the thought.

"How is it you are out so early?" he asked. "My time has been changed. . . . She coloured a little as she answered, she did not tell him that she had seen him turn towards the park and had misconceived her steps so that they would bring her along the path towards him.

"I suppose you will soon be leaving us?" she said presently.

"I hope so," said Chatterton thoughtlessly. He noticed that she winced.

He was not a vain man, but just then he was very miserable, and it made his heart beat quicken a little to see the way the pretty colour faded from her cheeks—the way she kept her face averted.

"I suppose you'll be glad to be rid of me?" he asked on.

"No."

The little monosyllable was spoken quietly, for a moment there was a silence, then—

"Would you throw a man over because he didn't enlist?" he asked irrelevantly.

She raised her eyes wondering. "What a funny question to ask! It all depends, of course. If there were good reasons for a man staying at home—"

"Yes," so it's not the supposing there were not. Supposing he were just a slacker—just didn't think—didn't realise his responsibilities. Do you think you would throw him over then?"

She hesitated.

"I think I should tell him," she said at last. "Just tell him very kindly and gently, without hurting his feelings. I suppose there are ways of doing it," she submitted apologetically.

There would be to some women, he agreed. "But to others, I suppose it would not be an easy thing for some women to do."

They walked a few steps silently.

"Do you know anybody like that?" she asked.

"A man who has been thrown over for not enlisting."

"Yes!"

"Oh—!" She did not ask any more. Chatterton wondered if perhaps she guessed that he was speaking of himself.

"I don't think the girl can have cared very much for him," she went on decidedly.

Chatterton laughed.

"Well, perhaps she didn't," he admitted dryly. "So it's not the kind of thing you would do?" he asked again.

Their eyes met. Nurse Anderson coloured.

"No," she said softly. "Not if I really cared. What sort of a man was this friend of yours?"

Chatterton hesitated for a moment.

"It wasn't my friend," he said then, almost curtly. "It was myself. . . ."

He did not look at her as he spoke; he kept his eyes straight ahead of him.

"Yes. . . ."

"But—but—you are a soldier. . . ."

"Only quite a recent one," he answered with faint humour. "I slacked about in London for weeks after the war broke out. I don't know why I did it, but somehow it never occurred to me to go. It wasn't that I faked, or anything like that exactly. . . ."

"You needn't tell me that," she interrupted.

He coloured a little.

"That's kind of you," he said, gratefully.

He really thought so; he had gone downhill badly in his self-esteem during the last few weeks; he squared his shoulders a little beneath the gentle touch of this girl's words.

"So she threw you over, did she?" she said again presently.

"Yes. . . . I'm not blaming her; don't think that. She was much too good for me—there isn't a girl in the world to touch her." He spoke with simple sincerity, unconscious of the way his words hurt his listener. "I'm sorry to bother you with all this—"

"It doesn't interest me very much. . . ."

"It's all over now, at any rate; she—she's going to marry someone else."

"Someone else?" There was a little incredulity in her voice. "It didn't make any dif-

ference, then—when you enlisted?"

"I never told her; I don't think she knows."

"You never told her?"

"How could I? Besides, I don't suppose it would have made any difference."

She felt a little ashamed of the impulsive confidence; he wondered if she thought it unmanly of him; he hurriedly changed the conversation.

A little further on she left him; she said she had to get back early; Chatterton stood for a moment watching her as she walked away from him across the grass; she walked with her head a little downcast; she did not once look back.

THE CUDGELS TAKEN UP.

CHATTERTON went on his way slowly; his momentary cheeriness soon deserted him; the little blue devils of depression came creeping back again now he was once more left to his thoughts.

He avoided the more crowded parts of the park; he was almost morbidly afraid of running into somebody he had known in the old days. Already the months before he enlisted seemed to have slipped away into a past that was divided from the present by years instead of weeks; it was as if he had stepped into a new world when he exchanged mufti and an expensive tailor for a khaki uniform.

He wondered how long it would be before they discharged him as a soldier and sent him back. Since yesterday he had hated London. He lived in dread that every woman he met would look at him with Sonia's eyes. Without her life was intolerable, but it was utterly impossible when one had to look on and see her at Montague's side.

He hardly noticed the rain when it began to fall; the shoulders of his rough overcoat were wet through before he thought of retracing his steps.

For a moment the old habits of his life in London were upon him. He looked round for a taxi before remembering that he had not the money on him with which to pay for it. He laughed at himself for his forgetfulness and trudged on with downbeat head.

Lately once or twice the temptation had come to him to deliberately waylay Sonia and meet her face to face; only or twice, the longing to speak to her again was almost overwhelming.

What did it matter even if she snubbed him, if he could just hear her voice and meet the sweet directness of her eyes?

There was no other woman in the world to compare with her—none! The appealing prettiness of Nurse Anderson was such a fleeting thing when one thought of Sonia. What did it matter if every other woman in London were ready and pleased to walk and talk with him if he could not have Sonia?

He cursed the ill-luck that had invalidated him back to London. Why could he not have stayed out there beyond the reach of temptation?

Last night it would have been such an easy thing to walk up to old Jardine or Lady Merriam, and so compel Sonia's notice. It had required a mighty effort of will to hold himself back from doing when Montague led Sonia on and out of his sight in that crowd.

In that brief glimpse of her he had missed no detail of her dainty person—the proudly erect little head, the soft hair which he had so often kissed.

It seemed impossible now that she had ever been his and that he had let her slip beyond the reach of his aching arms.

Old Jardine had said there was much in life to make up for the loss of love. Old Jardine was a fool! Bless his kindly heart! How could anything ever make up for the greatest thing in all the world?

The rain was pattering down now relentlessly. Pedestrians hurried past him seeking shelter; raindrops were dripping off the peak of his cap; he felt tired and dispirited.

He had to wait a moment on a small island in the road to allow a stream of traffic to pass. As he stood there a young man dashed across under the very nose of a snorting motor-omnibus; he landed beside Chatterton flushed and breathless.

Chatterton glanced down at him smilingly.

"That was a narrow shave," he said. Then: "Courtenay, by jove!"

"Dick! Good old Dick!"

Young Courtenay was hanging on to his uninjured hand in frantic delight; his boyish face was crimson with excitement.

"I was just thinking about you and wondering where on earth you were!" he said. In his eagerness he stumbled over his words. "Mr. Jardine said you were in America; I knew you weren't, though! Have you been out yet? But of course you have, and wounded, too! I say, how ripping!"

Chatterton laughed rather ruefully.

"I was pretty sick about it," he said. "Only ten days out there!"

"That's a long time compared to what some of 'em get, young Courtenay declared. "I know one chap who went out Saturday, got shot on Sunday, and was back here in London Monday evening. That's record time, eh? . . . I've joined myself now, you know—the R. B. Brigade. Pashed into the division yesterday. We were likely to be sent out soon, but Mr. Aird said there's no luck. . . . He broke off and looked up at Chatterton with beaming eyes. "Jove! I am glad to see you again."

(Continued on page 14.)

The New Kind of Serial.

The story by RUBY M. AYRES
—"His Brother's Wife"—
beginning in to-day's "Home Chat," is the new kind of serial at its **VERY BEST.**

It would be waste of space and waste of money to print a serial of the old kind now. Readers by the million have **FOUND OUT WHAT THEY WANT** in the way of serials and **NOTHING** else will do for them.

The new kind of serial **BEGINS** differently—**GOES ON** differently—**ENDS** differently. It is like the life of to-day contrasted with the life of months or years ago.

Read the first chapters of "His Brother's Wife," and you will **FEEL** the difference.

You will realise, suddenly, that you are **OUT** of touch with the old kind of serial and **IN** touch with the new.

FREE Luck Charm



You may search the meadows over,
Never find me there;
I'm the magic four-leaf clover,
Luckiest charm of all to wear.

This Coupon Counts.

Send this coupon, with a stamped addressed envelope and the coupon in this week's "Home Chat" to "Luck Charm," Home Chat, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C., for the new Four-Leaf Clover Charm—the "luckiest charm of all" to wear.

(Not available after March 27.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Przemysl Has Fallen.

We have all been avoiding it in the past few months, but we shall have to say it to-day. This is how to do it, "Przemysl-sel," (with the accent on the 'Pshem') has fallen." It is quite easy really.

Pp-psb-prr.

The way in which I heard the news was funny. An excited man dashed into my room and shouted: "Pp-psb-prr—oh, hang it all, that Austrian fortress has fallen." And then I knew.

Noted for Its Thirst.

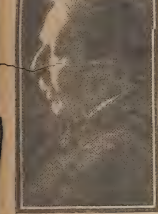
I knew an Austrian officer who had spent ten years of his life at Przemysl and who always vowed that it was the most cheerful city in Galicia. By way of proof he pointed out that there was not a single street in the place with less than five bars. Certainly the Przemyslites are noted for their thirst—a local failing aggravated by the sprinkling of innumerable caraway seeds in all their bread and pastry.

Looks Like a Camel.

There is one very peculiar feature about the captured city, and that is its camel-like appearance. Almost all the buildings are adorned with the curious Polish dome, which gives the place a humpy effect. To a great extent Przemysl is the Sandhurst of Galicia, and is the key to Cracow, Austria's Aldershot. When the latter is taken it will be a case of good-bye Austria.

... Their Argument.

I have been glancing through an advance copy of a striking new book Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has just completed. "When Blood Is Their Argument" is its title, and, as you may guess, it deals with Germany.



Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.

—, on the frontier of Belgium, disappeared from the knowledge of the outer world on the third of August, MCMXIV, the first of mankind to experience the effects of Prussian Culture. I may not tell you anything about the book yet, but it has a very fine dedication.

"Buskers" in the Park.

I saw a most unusual scene in Hyde Park yesterday afternoon. It must have come as a considerable shock to habitués. Without any warning a man and a girl, who looked like art students, suddenly drew up two chairs alongside Rotten Row and commenced to play in the manner of itinerant musicians—the man a bass viol, the girl a mandolin.

Refugees.

To say that Hyde Park was astonished is to put it mildly. Such a thing had never been heard of before. Those who drew near read a notice which the musicians displayed, and which ran: "We are Belgian refugees and professional musicians." We lost everything in the siege of Antwerp."

The Nice Arm of the Law.

The incongruous scene was ended by the arrival of a policeman, who, the very nicest way and with his hand resting negligently on the back of a chair in the Joseph Coyne manner, informed them that playing in Hyde Park was strictly forbidden.

More Guards Rumoured.

I heard a rumour yesterday that we may see some further additions to the Brigade of Guards before the war is ended. Battalions of Guards are to be raised from the Dominions, it is suggested.

How About the Canadian Guards?

The Canadian Guards and the Australian Guards, for instance, would sound well, and would certainly be popular.

Mr. Benson's "Inspired" Play.

I have seldom known so small a play make so much "pre-production" conversation as "Dinner for Eight." Mr. Benson's one-act play we are to see at the Ambassadors to-night. As I told you the other day, it was more or less inspired by some remarks made to Mr. Benson by Miss Viola Tree, who is taking the leading part in it.

John Hollingshead's Daughter.

Miss Maiddie Hope is another member of the cast. She is a daughter of the famous John Hollingshead, of Gaiety renown, and the wife of Mr. Dudley Ward, Lord Escher's



Miss Maiddie Hope.

nephew. She is a splendid comedy actress, but she has a fine voice, too. If someone would write a real musical comedy now, what a chance there would be for Miss Hope.

Captain of the Bargees.

At lunch time at the club everyone at my table was immensely interested in a chatty letter which I have just had from the front. It told all sorts of good and cheerful news that I may not mention. And then I came across an interesting sentence. "You will be glad to hear that I have just run across Tagg, of Hampton Court fame. He is captain in control of a flotilla of barges."

Dogget's Coat in Flanders.

"Most of the barges are manned by London watermen—just the right kind of men for the canals of Flanders. I should not be at all surprised if we have a race up here for Dogget's Coat and Badge in proper Merrie London style. So far, the men have had little to do but drill." There is a curious reason why the Londoners were imported.

Too Absent-Minded for Work.

When the barges were first adopted they were manned by Frenchmen, but almost without exception the French proved to be too happy go lucky and absent-minded for the work. The climax came one day when a French bargee transporting petrol lit a pipe and the petrol at the same time. The explosion, I am told, was quite exciting.

How They Make New Colours.

As a mere man, it has often puzzled me to know how the new colours—particularly their names—that are provided annually for the fascination of the fairer sex are evolved. An advertisement in an American paper I was reading yesterday throws some light on the subject.

Independence Blue.

America has invented "Independence Blue." And this is all about it. It is "created from the three colours in Old Glory (which is the American flag)—the red in the stripes, the blue in the field of stars, and the white in stars and stripes. It is a wonderful colour. In the sunlight it fairly radiates joy and independence." What do you think of that for "some" imagination?

Hindenburg Again.

Hindenburg again—this time in the rôle of language reformer! According to a story in the *Frankfort Gazette*, he used often, when living in Hanover, to go and drink his evening glass of beer among comrades at a club held in the East Hotel. The proprietor wrote recently to ask if he might rename the establishment Hindenburg Hotel. "You may use my name," was the reply, "but not in conjunction with the foreign word 'hotel.'" So now the place has been named Gasthaus 'Hindenburg—Gasthaus (guesthouse) being the real German word for hotel.

Looking for "Dip Chicks."

Do you know what a "dip chick" is? I didn't until yesterday, when I received a cheery letter from a bluejacket who spends his time in a torpedo-boat destroyer looking for these rare and shy birds. "Dip chicks" are German submarines in the language of the Navy.

Waiting To Do Them a Good Turn.

The Navy, even in these dark days, takes life as a glorious joke—just as the Navy always did. My correspondent tells me a good deal of his life while he and his comrades are "quietly waiting to do the Germans a good turn," as he puts it.

Get Out or Get Under.

But life is a little strenuous it seems. "Our boats are very lively in a sea," he says; "that's when you want your wits, for one false step and you are under the guard wires and into the ditch with a very good chance of being left behind... a case of get out or get under!"

Baths in a Snowstorm.

Although not attached to the engineer branch, this cheerful correspondent of mine pays a high tribute to the stokers—the black squad. "They are digging out like heroes," he says. "They finish their watch and have to come on the upper deck to bath... Last night we were patrolling in a snowstorm, but they had their bath on the upper deck as usual."

A Toast.

He finishes his letter with this toast:—

What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve, a stiff set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life—

So long as the one flag floats and dares,
Thank you, correspondent in H.M.S.
I shall be glad to drink it with you. Write to me again.

Busy Sir Edward.

I don't suppose there are any busier men in the world to-day than Sir Edward Grey, and it was a very fine compliment to Mr. John Buchan that Sir Edward managed to snatch time to preside at Mr. Buchan's lecture on the war at the Bechstein Hall yesterday.



Sir Edward Grey.

Likes Fishing. He loves best a country life of complete quietness. He is a keen fisherman, and in the trout fishing season he takes every opportunity to slip away for a few hours' fishing on his water near Inchin Abbas.

A Little Tin Hut by the Stream.

He has a corrugated iron bungalow there, where he lives alone, even doing his own cooking. And there he often takes important work that must be finished, and spends his time between work and sport.

One Exception.

Yet hermit-like as Sir Edward is, one of the last times I saw him he was having tea in a Bond-street shop and chatting as merrily to a party of friends as though he had never heard of such things as diplomacy and Governments. It was almost uncanny.

In Ten Days' Time.

I was the first, I believe, to advertise the "All-Is-Lost League." All the same, I don't believe in exaggerated optimism. So you must take this paragraph not as coming from me, but from one of the most responsible sources in the country. As I am informed, we shall be through the Narrows in ten days from to-day. And then look for fire-works at Constantinople.

A Universal Language.

A very learned German professor has asked contemptuously what might be the language used chiefly by the inhabitants of Belgium. I know quite well what language I should use if I were a Belgian. THE RAMBLER.

TO PUT ON FLESH AND INCREASE WEIGHT.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE

Most thin people eat from four to six pounds of good solid fat-making food every day and still do not increase in weight one ounce, while, on the other hand, many of the plump, chunky folks eat very lightly and keep gaining all the time. It's all bosh to say that this is the nature of the individual. It isn't Nature's way at all.

Thin folks stay thin because their powers of assimilation are defective. They just absorb enough of the food they eat to maintain life and a semblance of health and strength. Stuffing won't help them. A dozen meals a day won't make them gain a single stay. All the fat-producing elements of their food just stay in the intestines until they pass from the body as waste. What such people need is something that will prepare these fatty food elements so that their blood can absorb them and deposit them all about the body—something, too, that will multiply their red blood corpuscles and increase their blood's carrying power.

For such a condition I always recommend eating a Sargol tablet with every meal. Sargol is not, as some believe, a patented drug, but is a scientific combination of six of the most effective and powerful flesh-building elements known to chemistry. It is absolutely harmless, yet wonderfully effective. A single tablet eaten with each meal often has the effect of increasing the weight of a thin man or woman from three to five pounds a week.

It is also a splendid aid to digestion, has a fine tonic effect, and is unequalled for people who are run down, or for old people who are lacking in nerve force and energy.

If you are below normal weight, suffer from indigestion, are nervous or weak, just try eating a Sargol tablet with a few meals and see how rapidly you pick up.—(Advt.)

HOW ARE YOUR EYES?

You want to know how to preserve your eyesight and our Illustrated book tells you all about it. Relates the history of Singleton's Eye Ointment, that famous old remedy that has been curing all troubles of eyes, cataracts and eyelashes since 1800. Today, marvelous cures of eyes, inflammation, eye cataracts, sore and watery eyes, weak eyes after measles and scarlatina, falling eyelashes and other eye illnesses. Of all chemists in England postcard price 2s. 6d. Remember! It must be SINGLETON'S. Also direct for postal order. Postage added extra. To obtain book free mention "Daily Mirror" and send at once 5s. GREEN 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.

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QUALITY, QUALITY, QUALITY,

That's the Keynote to

TOFFEE de LUXE

URIC ACID SOLVENT.

2/- BOX FREE.

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, and aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins, do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pain from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatism, suffering, aching back or kidney disease.

For any form of bladder trouble or weakness, its action is really wonderful. Those sufferers who are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives.

To prove the Delano Treatment conquers rheumatism, kidney and bladder diseases, and all uric acid troubles, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never used it, we will give you one 2s. box free, if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address, with 6d. to help pay distribution expenses, to the Delano Co. (Dept. 1E), 8, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. Send at once, and you will receive by parcel post a regular 2s. box, without charge and without incurring any obligation. One box only to an address.—(Advt.)

THE "PADDY" JUNR.

KNIFE CLEANER

1/6

Guaranteed to thoroughly clean and highly polish 6 to 8 knives only.

Does not hurt the blades.

WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Obtainable through all Stores and Ironmongers, or sent direct on 7 days' approval on receipt of the price, 1/6 and 4d. postage.

Further particulars on application.

ALL BRITISH.

The Paddy Cleaner Co. (Dept. M),
56, Forest Hill Road, LONDON, S.E.



The Oriental fruits and spices are so perfectly blended with Pure Malt Vinegar that

H.P. Sauce

does not separate and there is no sediment in the bottom of the bottle—it is the same all through—the last drop is as delicious as the first

LOOKING BACKWARD FROM 1925.

HISTORIANS WILL RECORD THAT: During the "Great War," when Nations were struggling in a life and death grip, Sheffield—the home of the Cutlery Industry—breathed to the world the news of her great discovery—the Barrow "Everbright" knife—and will proceed to tell how it revolutionised the cutlery trade. Just now, however, the Barrow "Everbright" cutlery is making history. In many a home it has already disposed of for ever the labour of knife cleaning. The Barrow "Everbright" Cutlery remains the same to infinity. Nothing will rust, stain or discolour it. It is washed just the same as a soiled plate. The cost? Well, it is not expensive, 12s. 6d. and 10s. per half dozen respectively for Dinner and Cheese knives. Some choice designs are illustrated in their Catalogue, which will be sent on request, and should you desire to test the Barrow "Everbright" before ordering forward P.O., 1s. 9d., for a specimen, or call at the London Showroom of S. Barrow and Co., 104, Victoria-street, London, S.W.—(Advt.)

Food enjoyed is Food more nourishing.

THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES can make every scrap a dainty morsel with Bisto. Bisto makes the best of gravy and stews—wholesome and delicious.

Bisto

makes the simplest fare most appetising.

All Grocers. Tins 6d., 3d. Packets 1d.

PATENT LEATHER AS DRESS TRIMMING.

Return of Nipped-In Waist Fore-shadowed by Vogue of Bolero.

PARIS, March 22. My dear Friend,—The revival of bolero jackets is assuming serious proportions. These quaint little coats are to be seen on all sides and in the most important showrooms. They are, as a rule, very short, with rounded fronts and roll-over collars.

Some of the latest models are caught in with a patent leather belt, as indicated in the accompanying sketch.

The bolero has returned at a moment when "natural" waist measurements are still popular, and for this reason the short coat in question not infrequently presents a curious appearance.

Such a garment has a tendency to make the figure look heavy, almost stumpy, on a stout figure with a 28in. waist; the effect, seen from the back, borders on the ridiculous.

The growing popularity of the bolero seems to me another unwelcome sign that nipped-in waists are to become the mode again.

One of the most popular materials of the present season is patent leather, and it is used for all sorts of unexpected purposes. Hats are made of it, and collars; and the new high boots, of course. It is also used as a trimming for serge, and even silk, dresses.

Now it is really true that one can have too much of patent leather, even in the finest and most supple quality. It is in my opinion hideous as a millinery material and highly unsuitable as a border for silk flounces. Dress experts, even the most celebrated of them, find it hard to realise that a thing is not necessarily attractive because it happens to be unusual. It may not be the easiest thing in the world to find startling

novelties with which to tempt the "foreign buyers," but it would be better to leave these eager gentlemen untempted than to cast before them such inartistic bait as "patent leather flounces."

The new high boots are very becoming. I have seen them—either laced or buttoned—worn with ultra-short, pleated skirts, and the result was in every way satisfactory.

They are rapidly becoming the rage of Paris, and are made of the black patent leather which is, as I have said, rapidly becoming ubiquitous. Reaching well up on the calf of the leg, these boots have high Louis heels, and the laces are finished off with handsome tassels at the top.

I have seen boots made of dark blue glace kid, with patent heels and toe-caps. Others are in pale beige leather, to accompany a pleated skirt and smart Norfolk jacket in beige cloth.

High boots have been rendered necessary by the short walking skirts which are now considered the "only possible."

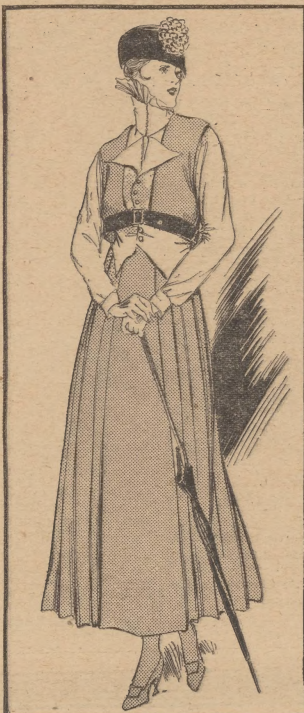
The doctors tell us that it is a most admirable fashion because of the extra support given to the instep and ankles.

Floating ribbons, of satin or velvet, appear on many of the new and most costly millinery models.

They are twisted round the crown of the hat, caught down near the front by a rose and then tied loosely at the back, the ends falling over the shoulders.

This is a revival of an old-world fashion. The Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits one sees hats of this order, and the French artists, Fragonard and Nattier, also made great use of the floating ribbon.

We are in for a season of picture fashions, gowns and hats alike. Many of the new materials—muslins and printed silks—have been copied from fragile materials in the Cluny and other museums.—Your devoted friend, NADINE.



One of the latest boleros with quaint belt of patent leather.

FRENCH FIRM'S ENEMY TRADING.

A case in which trading with the enemy was alleged on the part of the French firm Compagnie Française des Mines de l'Aurium was settled in the Naval Prize Court yesterday, when a sum of £15,507, the proceeds of the sale of 1,020 tons of silver lead seized in a Greek steamer at Swansea in September last, was condemned as lawful prize money.

It was stated that under a contract the company sold the ore to a Frankfurt firm and chartered the Greek steamer Panariellos to convey

the cargo from Greece to Antwerp and Newcastle. The vessel sailed a week after war broke out.

Giving judgment, Sir Samuel Evans said at the time of the seizure there was an intercourse amounting to trading with the enemy.

BELGIANS KILLED IN RIOT.

AMSTERDAM, March 22.—As a result of rioting which occurred at Ternath, near Brussels, between the Belgian inhabitants and some German Landsturm troops, five Belgians were injured, two fatally.—Central News.

all users

of Mansion Polish agree that it is a great improvement upon the old-fashioned Floor and Furniture Polishes.

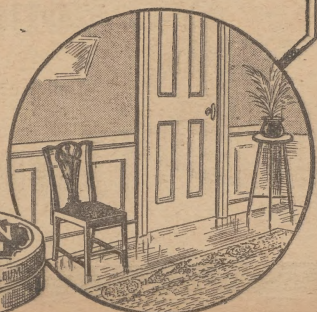
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THE NEW AND SUPERIOR PREPARATION

of highly concentrated wax produces a hard, bright surface, without making Floors and Linoleum too slippery. It also fills the pores, prevents dust and dirt from adhering, and will not finger-mark.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. and 1/- of all Dealers.

Prepared by The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boto Polish.



VARY THE WALK MENU

Now that fish is so dear, and other things are "up," meat become "too much the same."

You can introduce a delightful variety by using Edwards' Dissicated Soups, which make the old dishes more tasty, and add scores of new ones to the menu.

E.D.S. only costs a penny, but it's the best that money can buy.

Some other suggestions:

Kettle Broth.—This dish is a particular favourite with some people for supper. It is made by boiling a packet of Edwards' Dissicated White Soup in about three cupsful of water for thirty minutes or so. Cut some bread in dairy squares, and put in basin with a small quantity of minced onion, pepper and salt to taste. Add a lump of butter and strain the boiling broth over the bread. Add some milk if desired.

Suet-adding, with Gravy.—Make a stiff padding in the ordinary way, with half the quantity of chopped suet as flour, a good pinch of salt, and enough water to mix a stiff dough. Cook in a greased basin, covered with a floured cloth, for an hour or two. Serve with gravy made by boiling a penny packet of Edwards' Dissicated Brown Soup in about half-a-pint of water. Strain before serving. This is a wholesome, nourishing, and cheap dinner, especially suitable for children.

CUT THIS OUT

The above recipes have been specially prepared by Miss B. A. Bennett, L.C.A., author of "Simple Cookery," "Tasted Recipes," etc., etc.

EDWARDS' SOUPS ARE BRITISH. Sold in penny packets and in canisters at 4d., 8d., and 1/3.

HOW YOU CAN REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT AS I REDUCED MINE. BY A READER.

A year ago my weight was 12st. 8lb., my complexion was dull, dark and yellowish. My circulation was bad and I felt tired and sleepy most of the time, my liver was inactive, my stomach flutent, my heart seemed weak and I was unable to stand the slightest exertion. At times I had rheumatism, and I had made up my mind that if I could reduce my weight I would feel better. So I tried every so-called fat reducer that I could hear of, and after I had finished with them I weighed more than before; finally a friend told me of oil of orilene capsules, which I knew had reduced her weight a great many pounds. I tried them, and in a short time I had reduced my weight 2st. 6lb., and my complexion is fresh and bright. The colour has left my nose and has gone to my cheeks, which are as rosy again as in youth. The condition of my stomach is excellent, my liver is no longer inactive, my heart is strong, rheumatism gone, my figure willowy.

I studied the action of oil of orilene capsules, and found that they not only reduce excessive fat to stay reduced, but are wonderful to build up the general health. If you need them, or any of your friends need them, they are not expensive, and can be obtained at any chemist.—(Advt.)

RINGS

Wedding, Keeper, Engagement.

A Single Ring at Wholesale Price.

This magnificent 18ct. gold Government Hall-Marked Ring, 5 fine Diamonds, claw setting. **£2 15s.**

post free

Send for Illustrated Catalogue B.

ARTHUR HICKORY & CO., 241-3, Old Street, E.C. Est. 1839.

ARE YOU SHORT?

If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Helges reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Hay 2 1/2 inches; Miss Davies 5 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 5 inches; Mr. Heck 5 inches; Miss Leavelle 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or truss. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 guarantee. In the Increase of Height (Dept. A), 17, Green Road, London, N.

NEWS ITEMS.

As School for Orphans.
The old warship Britannia is to be used as a training school for complements of 300 boys, some being sons of soldiers and who have lost their lives in the present war.

Girl's Death While Shopping.
A young girl, Miss Colquhoun Reade, aged five, of Hans Place, S.W., and Crowe Suffolk, died suddenly yesterday in the and Navy Stores, where he was making purchases.

Singing Too Candid Critic.
According to the *Politiken*, Dr. Liebknecht, German Socialist leader, has now received orders to consider himself a soldier, which means that he must not write articles nor attend public meetings.

Al Ride Down Mountain.
As the result of terrible injuries received while trying to cycle down the steep slopes of Alliboy Mountain, George Leek, a brick-maker, of Ponkey (Denbighshire), died yesterday in hospital.

Soldier Seeks His Girl Friend.
Driver David Chappell, Army Service Corps, 8th Infantry Brigade, Headquarter Staff, 8th Division, would like to communicate with Miss Claisy Horner (formerly of Wakefield), whom he has not heard of for five years.

His War Hobby.
When a soldier was sentenced at Birmingham yesterday to a month's imprisonment for making a false attestation when enlisting in the Royal Field Artillery, it was stated that he had joined six regiments and deserted.

Chance To Be a Naval Officer.
The admiral commanding the coastguards and Reserves, says a Liverpool message, is prepared to consider applications for temporary commissions as sub-lieutenants in the Royal Naval Reserve up to thirty-three years of age.

Rear-Admiral's Son Killed.
Midshipman Ivon G. Fellowes, who has been killed in action on H.M.S. *Irresistible*, was the youngest son of Rear-Admiral Sir T. H. B. Fellowes, of Stevenage, Herts, who served in the Crimea and commanded the Naval Brigade in the Abyssinian War.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—2 View Law (t, o), 100 to 9 Irish Chief and Outram (t, o), 100 to 7 Polybrates (t, o), 100 to 6 Wink and Conquerors (t, o), 20 Mount William and Early How (t, o), 25 Cheertal (t, o).

GRAND NATIONAL.—3 Lord Marcus (t, o), 10 Bache for a Flight (t, o), 100 to 8 Irish Mail (t, o).

RACING AT LINCOLN.

Delightful weather, plenty of runners, and some capital sport marked the opening of the flat racing season at Lincoln yesterday, but the attendance, especially in the chert enclosures, was much below the average.

The distinction of winning the first race of the year fell to W. Saxby, who scored on the veteran Star of Doon in the Trial Plate. The winner is now eleven years old, but he finished with the dash of a two-year-old. For the second stage of the meeting to-day selections are appended—

- 2. 0.—Blankney Plate—SUSA.
- 3. 0.—Bathany Plate—THE BOSS.
- 3. 40.—Brookley Stakes—MRS ANIELLO.
- 4. 0.—Chaplin Stakes—ACHITOL.
- 4. 40.—Northern Welter—SIKH.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*THE BOSS and ACHITOL. BOUVIERIE.

LINCOLN RACING RETURNS.

1. 50.—TRIAL PLATE. 1m.—STAR OF DOON (5-1, Saxby), 1; Ravello (5-1), 2; Hidalgo (100-8), 3. Also ran: Gyrover (100-50), Prim Simon (5-1), Antravida (5-1), Montmartre, Sir Raymond (8-1), Mohac, Salgon and Cathay (100-8).

2. 20.—CARHOLME PLATE. 6f.—CANONITE (evens, Wheatley), 1; Buconiginto (5-1), 2; Nadir Shah (5-1), 3. Also ran: Amos (5-1), Knight of the Heather, Uncle Dale, Angel Clare, Master Macdonald, Canley and Welsh Bride.

2. 55.—HAINTON PLATE. 6f.—FILL UP (8-1, Cooper), 1; West (7-2), 2; Grassy (7-1), 3. Also ran: Millbridge (5-1), Kemmough (5-1), Parrot, Dublin Bay (10-1), Knight's Key, Mariano, Marchmont, Harvest, Hey Diddle Diddle, Sir Bold and The Pet (100-8).

3. 30.—WELBECK PLATE. 7f.—EASTINGTON (4-1, Dick), 1; Valentinian (100-6), 2; Windlesham (9-2), 3. Also ran: Diplomate (9-2), K-Ray (5-1), Crossed Dale, Nancy O'Neill, Softley (100-8), Pip Pip Pip, Egretta, Rancette, China Blue, Prince Igor, Fakir, Coronet, My Birthday and Mazabuka (100-6).

4. 0.—TATHWELL AUCTION STAKES. 5f.—MUSK (5-1, Cooper), 1; Lady Aven (5-1), 2; Eyes Right (5-1), 3. Also ran: Aquaint, Lucky Fox, Marla, Hilderstone, Pinane, Tame Duck, Little Fraces and Jenny Lantern (100-8).

4. 30.—BROCKLESBY TRIAL STAKES. 6f.—ROI DE COEUR (20-1, Wal. Griggs), 1; Red Star (20-1), 2; Velociter (8-1), 3. Also ran: Miprint (4-1), Tucany (9-2), Grey Tip (7-1), Barty (8-1), Crinlemers (100-8), Hardy Louis, Primrose, Chaffinch, Melton Filer, Jamie, Galante, Second Fiddle, Cimolite, Cybele, L'Aviner, Rusharrow, Ministrelle, Miss Pinkerton and Landslide (20-1).

5. 0.—CANWICK STAKES. 1m.—PROVIDER (5-4, Anstron), 1; Crowned Head (4-1), 2; Initiator (100-8), 3. Also ran: Ptolomy (5-1), Spearpoint (10-1), Bayardine, Magirl, Alpine Corriegrath, Old Blue, Fast Rose and League of Mercy (100-8).

LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

In a splendid twenty rounds contest, at the Ring last evening, Dai Roberts beat Henri Tryncke in the seventeenth round.

At the National Sporting Club last night Fred Housego beat Bill Green, the referee intervening in the ninth round.

At the London Opera House Sergeant Basham beat Matt Wells on points in fifteen rounds.

In a First League match at Liverpool yesterday Everton beat Bolton by 5 goals to 3.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

They crossed the road together.

"So Jardine told you I was in America," said Chatterton.

"Yes, he said he thought so. Sonia . . ." he broke off, colouring with embarrassment. "I say, I'm beastly sorry about—you know!" he ended lamely.

"Yes—thanks," Chatterton's voice was constrained. "She's going to be married—to a friend of mine," he added with difficulty.

"I know," Courtenay spoke disgustedly. "I met the silly ass down at Burvale! Can't imagine what she can see in him, swanking about with that limp of his."

Chatterton could not help laughing.

"The limp's genuine enough," he admitted. Courtenay growled something unintelligible.

"Sonia's in town now, you know," he said presently. "I ran into Lady Merriam this morning and she told me. They're staying at the S— Hotel for a few days."

Chatterton made no comment; it cut him to the heart that everybody should know what Sonia was doing, and where she was staying, except himself; he could not get accustomed to realise that she was no longer anything to him.

"You haven't seen her, I suppose," Courtenay went on.

"No—at least only in the distance last night—coming out of a theatre; she didn't see me."

Courtenay glanced at him admiringly; he thought Chatterton looked ripping in his uniform; he thought it a beastly shame that Sonia had not seen him, and did not know that he had already been wounded in his country's defence. At the back of his mind a little resolution was forming that he would make it his business to see that she heard all about it before many hours had passed.

He adroitly turned the conversation; he asked a hundred questions about the war; Sonia was not mentioned again.

"You must come and have some grub with me one day," Chatterton said as they parted.

"We shall be going back soon, I hope. If only this beastly arm of mine would heal . . ."

Courtenay said he would be delighted; he made a note of Richard's address on his shirt-cuff; as soon as Richard was out of sight he rushed off to the hotel where Sonia was staying.

But Sonia was not in; Lady Merriam was alone in their private sitting room; she looked perturbed and angry.

"Sonia's out," she said as she shook hands with Courtenay. "I may as well tell you that she and I have had a few words—yes, we have! Quite angry words! The silly girl has given in to that Montague man—at last, and they're going to be married in a fortnight."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

HOW TO STOP HEAD-NOISES.

Good Advice for Those Who Fear Deafness.

People who are growing hard of hearing and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their ear drums, accompanied by buzzing, rumbling sounds in their head like water falling or steam escaping, should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Head noises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete or partial deafness, and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these head noises become so distracting and nerve-racking with their never-ceasing "hum" they drive the sufferer almost frantic, and complete nervous breakdown and even violent insanity have been known to result.

Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently, it is now possible to almost instantly lessen the severity of these head noises and in a very short time to completely and permanently overcome them. With the disappearing of the head noises the hearing also greatly improves, and very frequently can be restored to normal. It can easily be prepared at home for about 2s. 6d., and is the most effective treatment known in science for this trouble. From your chemist secure one ounce Parmint (double strength), take this home and add to it 4 pint hot water and four ounces granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day. Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are both remarkably quick and effective.—(Advt.)

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "TIN WITH THE TAB"?

It's a most ingenious invention. You just pull the tab outwards and upwards, and the lid becomes loose on a tin of Day and Martin's Boot Polish. No more worry with tins that get stuck. Patent applied for and provisionally granted. Day and Martin's lid tin of Boot Polish is nearly twice as big as most other makes—and it's better polish. You can get it with the new Economic Disc, which saves wasting polish. Send 1d. stamp for Economic Disc, or 2 stamps for Disc and a "Tin of Polish with the Tab," to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters road, Stratford, London, E.—(Advt.)

'Mother says she wouldn't be without it!'

PERFECT MARGARINE

The splendid usefulness of Perfect Margarine makes it invaluable in every home. It's a wonderful money-saver, and is guaranteed pure, wholesome and nourishing.

DOUBLE 1/- WEIGHT or 6d. per lb.

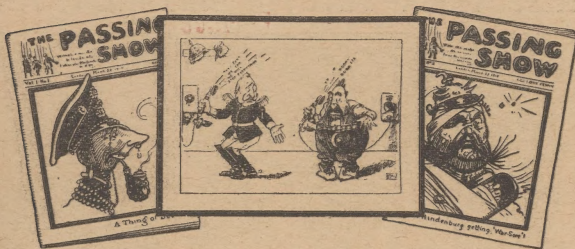
Delicious eating. Splendid for making Cakes and Pastry.

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EVERY
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BUY YOUR COPY EARLY TO-DAY

And make sure of it. On sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Harry Crattan's "ODDS AND ENDS." Preceded, 8.30, by "Dinner for Eight." Matinee, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; bal., 7s. 6d., 5s.; upper circ., 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 11 and 2 gns.

APOLLO.—At 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. C. Cartan.

AT 8. CHAS. CORR.—Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

COMEDY.—At 8.30. "ARE YOU A MASON?" At 8.30. Mr. E. Hastings. Mats. Weds. Sat., at 2.30.

CRITERION.—At 8.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2644.

DALYS. Leicester-square.—LAST WEEK, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. Evenings, 8. Mat. Wed. Sat., 2. Reduced Prices.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—Charles Frohman presents MOLLE. GABY DESLVS in ROSY RAPTURE. THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS, by J. M. BARRIE. Preceded, at 8.15, by THE NEW WORD, by J. M. BARRIE.

GARRICK.—At 8.30. "EXCUSE ME!" Matinee, Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. Tel. 9515.

GLOBE.—Eves. 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in THE FLAC LIEUTENANT.

HAYMARKET.—At 8.30. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. Prices, 1st 7s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S DAVID COPPERFIELD.

HERBERT TREE.—EVELYN MILLARD.

KINGSWAY.—FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. Last Week, 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat., 2.30. Henry Abbey, Lena Ashwell.

LYRIC.—Evenings, at 8. FLORODORA.

EVIE GREENE.—Delmar. Mats. Weds. Sat., 2.30.

NEW.—Evenings, at 8.30. SEVEN DAYS. Lottie Venne, Lemmy Pavle. Mats. Weds. Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY.—THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.

DENNIS RADIE.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.—At 8.15. KINGS AND QUEENS.

MARIE LOHR.—ARTHUR MONTNER.

SAVOY.—To-morrow, Wed. 2.30. (LAST 5 NIGHTS.) "SEARCHLIGHTS," by H. A. Vachell. At 8.15, "The Plumber."

SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including PICTURES actually taken during NAVAL BATTLES.

SHAFTSBURY.—TO-NIGHT, at 8. Wed. Mat., at 2. TO-MORROW, at 8. MADAME BUTTERFLY.

STRAND.—SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY. TO-NIGHT, at 8.

JULIA NEILSON and **FRED TERRY.**—Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 3830.

VAUDEVILLE.—Evenings, at 8.45. BABY MINE.

WEDDON GROSSMITH.—IRIS HOBY.

AT 8.15. Musical Milestones. Mats. Weds. Sat., at 2.30.

ALHAMBRA.—"SODS GERRARD." The New Revue. Eves. 8.45. Varieties, 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30.

HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UNITY MORE, WINIFRED ELLICE, HARRY TAYLOR, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRY LEONI.

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.35, with ELsie JANE, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL MIALAM, NELSON KEYS, GWINDOLINE BROGDEN, LEWIS SYDNEY, VARIETIES, at 8. MATINEE, WED. and SAT. at 2.

PALLADIUM.—Eves. 8.15 and 9. Mats. Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. ALBERT CHEVALIER, RUTH VINCENT, GLADICE MAYNE and "THAT" COUTURAGE POUNDS and CO. CORAM T. E. DUNVILLE. P. 11.

MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 5s. New Union, THE CURIOUS CASE, Mr. Harrison Hill.

PERSONAL.

GIRL.—Coming to-day (Tuesday, 23rd), 10.30.—R. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). For advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard-st. Lond.

STAMPS, ETC.

STAMPS.—Autograph selections at 1-3rd dealers' prices sent on approval.—Philatelist, 14, Manchester-st., W.C.

If your line of health is "weakly held" strengthen your forces with BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

S. H. B.

A British Trooper Recommends—

Rowntree's

ELECT Cocoa

"for Staying and Strengthening Power."

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A NEW home under genial conditions.—Domestic servants are in great demand in New Zealand; wages are high, employment regular, no basements; climate excellent; girls make the voyage in parties and land at each of the ports of call; games and concerts are held throughout the trip; steamers large and comfortable; food good; doctor, matron and stewards on board; life in New Zealand is bright and interesting and offers splendid advantages to reliable girls; fare, London to New Zealand, is only £2 16s.; the money is advanced if required.—Write to the High Commissioner for New Zealand (Emigration Department), 15, Victoria-st., London, S.W., who will supply further full particulars.

A REPRESENTATIVE is wanted by an important company, to a suitable person the remuneration will be most liberal.—Address C. 2,019, "Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard-st., E.C.

PARMAIDS, Day and Evening Waitresses, air-reqing D situations, fee 2s. 6d.—Call Fulwoods, 156, Strand.

CINEMA, Stage, Music-hall.—Beginners (guide free); C everything explained.—Graham's, 295, Kennington-rd.

GRAND Opportunity.—Do you want to increase your C income? Respectable men in regular employment should try a good spare-time agency, enabling them to supply Freeman's "celebrat," clothing, boots, drapery, jewelry, etc., for cash or credit; agents liberally supported with samples; the finest illustrated catalogues and pattern bunched in the trade; generous terms to agent and customer; commission highest paid; no expense, outlay or disturbance of present occupation.—For particulars write Freeman and Co., Contractors to H.M. Government, Lavender-hill, London.

JUNIOR Shortland Typist (male) in newspaper office; salary to commence, 20s.—Box 3,000, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard-st., E.C.

SMART Boy Wanted for office of London Newspaper.—S Apply Box 2017, "Daily Mirror," 23 and 29, Boulevard-st., E.C.

TWO smart young men as Telephone Operators; used to L switchboard.—Apply Room 5, "Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard-st., E.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

GAME! Game! Game!!!—4 partridges, 3s. 6d.; 2 pheasants, 4s. 9d.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 6d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 6d.; wild duck and 2 partridges, 5s.; 4lb. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 3d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-rd., London, W.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE and Co., Royal Seedmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1915 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening, pages over 200 illustrations, free, if "Daily Mirror" is mentioned.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at 50s. 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.

LANDUDNO.—Sunshine at sea; bracing air; dry atmosphere; no fogs; breezy headlands; orchestra twice daily; motor tours.—Guide (post 2d.), M. Town Hall.

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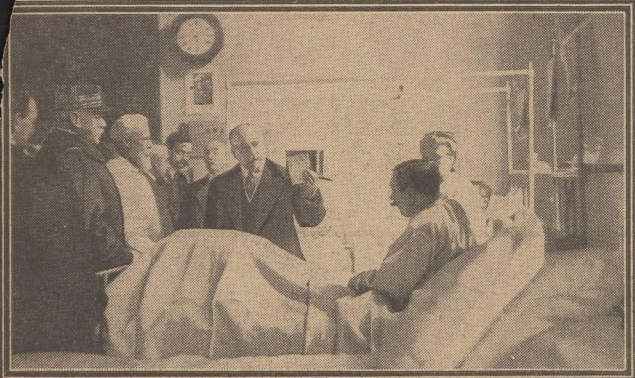
Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—

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Address

PRESIDENT'S PRAYER FOR THE WOUNDED.

P. 9303 B



M. Poincaré, the French President, visits wounded Belgian soldiers in hospital. In his hand he is carrying a printed prayer, which he handed to the men. He had a few cheery words for all the soldiers, who greatly appreciated his visit.

MISS VIOLA TREE IN HER NEW PART.

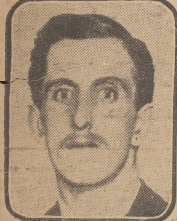
P. 12666



Mrs. Audley (Miss Viola Tree) has trouble with telephone calls while being dressed by her maid Zink (Miss Maidie Hope). The scene is from "Dinner for Eight," to be produced to-night at the Ambassadors Theatre.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SOLDIER M.P.

P. 1204 J



Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., a grandson of the "G.O.M.," who has just gone to the front.

CAN NOW SEE.

P. 14142



Miss Lillian Lincoln, an American girl, who can now see after twenty-one years of blindness.

ROLL OF HONOUR

P. 14142



Lieutenant-Colonel R. Forbes, who has died of wounds. The late officer was a cousin of the Earl of Granard.

"TOMMY'S" FOOD IS COOKED UNDER FIRE: KITCHEN IN A "DUG-OUT."

P. 7306 V

P. 7306 V



Those who are interested in seeing how the food of the "best-fed Army in the world" is prepared should pay a visit to Brockwell Park and see the Queen's Westminsters'



military kitchen. The pictures show a joint being placed inside a "beehive" oven and a kitchen in a "dug-out" for cooking under fire.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)